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♦ A HISTORY ♦

♦ OF THE ♦

M'FARREN FAMILY,

READ BY

Wm. McFarren Farrar,

—AT THE—

FAMILY REUNION,

HELD AT THE OLD

M'FARREN HOMESTEAD,

NEAR FLORENCE, PA., ON

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY 29th, 1880.

McKEESPORT, PA.:

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1880.

M. Sm.



To the friends who have so kindly aided me in the preparation of this Family History, and so patiently answered my numerous inquiries, I hereby return my sincere thanks.

W. M. FARRAR.

Cambridge, Ohio,
July 15th, 1880.

CHAPTER I.

THE McFARREN ANCESTRY, SCOTCH IRISH.—EMIGRATED TO AMERICA IN 1732.—SETTLED IN NORTHAMPTON CO., PA., IN 1750.—REMOVED TO WESTERN PA. IN 1807 AND 1810.

The history of that branch of the McFarren family represented in this reunion, begins, so far as we know, with one

JOHN McFARREN,

who emigrated to America, from Calade Parish, in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1732; a Parish situated four miles East of the town of Antrim, and on the traveled road or public highway leading from the city of Belfast to Londonderry. It is not known from what port he sailed, the name of the vessel, or the exact date, but it is believed that he shipped from one of those named, as they were at that day the principal ports from which the protestant emigrants from the north of Ireland embarked for America. Of his family nothing is known, further, than that he had a son William, born in Ireland, and probably about ten years of age at the time the family emigrated, and also a son named John. If there were any other children, born either in Ireland or America, no account has been preserved of them, and all trace of their family connection is now lost.

This original ancestor, John McFarren, landed at Philadelphia, and settled at a place known as "The Crooked Billet," where he kept a public house or tavern, so named because a crooked billet or stick of

wood, was placed above the door as a sign, to indicate that it was a place of entertainment.

The location of this "Crooked Billet" tavern, was supposed, by his great-grandson, James McFarren, from whom the information comes, to have been on the west side of the Schuylkill river, and not far from where the Centennial Exposition of 1876 was held; but recent investigation of the historical records of the city of Philadelphia, made during the preparation of this paper, shows that an inn or tavern, known as the Crooked Billet, once stood on the wharf of the Delaware river, on King and Water streets, above Chestnut, at the end of the first alley, and was a public house of the longest uninterrupted succession in early times. It was kept by one George Farrington, as early as 1700, and has some historical celebrity as having been the first house entered by Benjamin Franklin when he visited Philadelphia in 1723. This is probably the Crooked Billet tavern kept by our ancestor, John McFarren, soon after he landed in the city in 1732. But how long he remained there, where he went to, or what became of either himself or his family is not known. His son,

WILLIAM McFARREN,

who is the American ancestor of the family, was born about 1722, and in 1749 or 1750, was married to Isabella Nelson, who was born in Ireland, August 15th, 1723; but whether her family came from the same neighborhood, at the same time, and on the same vessel with the McFarrens, is not known to us; neither is the exact date of the marriage known, but soon after it took place, Wm. McFarren and his wife removed to

what was then called the Forks of the Delaware, in what is now Northampton county, Pennsylvania, and settled upon a piece of land which he commenced to improve with the intention of securing the title thereto as soon as it came into market.

The precise date of his settlement there is not known, but as their oldest child was born there December 21st, 1750, it is certain at least, that they settled there prior to that time. It is also uncertain just when he left this place, but it was sometime in 1753, and shortly before the breaking out of the French and Indian war, which was the cause of his leaving, the Indians becoming so troublesome that he was obliged to abandon his improvement and remove his family across to the east side of the Delaware river, into what was then known as the "Jarseys," for safety; but as he left some stock at the improvement, he was in the habit of returning frequently to look after and care for it. On one of these occasions he was accompanied by a young man named John Nelson, probably the brother of his wife, upon reaching the west bank of the river, they fastened their canoe in the bushes and went out to the improvement, where after spending some time looking after the stock left there, they started to return; had unfastened their canoe, pushed it out into the stream, Nelson being seated in the stern with his rifle across his knees, and McFarren about to push off, when an Indian, concealed in the bushes on the bank fired on them, the ball grazing the back of McFarren's neck, who, by an involuntary dodge at the instant, saved his life. Nelson at once raised his gun and returned the fire at the spot where the smoke was visi-

ble from the Indian's gun, but McFarren, without waiting to know the effect of the shot, pulled rapidly to the other side and was soon out of reach. This event, and the narrow escape of her husband and brother, so alarmed Isabella McFarren that she was unwilling to remain longer so near to the river. Wm. McFarren was therefore obliged to remove his family still further back into the "Jarseys" for greater safety.

The French and Indian war having closed, William McFarren in 1756, returned to the forks of the Delaware, only to find that during his absence, his claim had been taken possession of by some one who refused to give it up to him. Whereupon he removed his family further down the river, and below the forks, into Bucks county, to a place called Shammony. Inquiry fails to point out any locality in Bucks county now known by that name, and the writer is inclined to believe that the name Shammony was only a corruption of Neshaming, a well known creek watering a fertile valley in Bucks county, along which there was a flourishing settlement of Scotch-Irish presbyterians and a well known church called Neshaming.

No reason is known for Wm. McFarren's removal to that locality, but it is probable that some of his own, or his wife's relatives were residing there at the time. How long he continued to reside there is not known, but it was not very long, as his third child was born there November 26th, 1757, and his fourth in Northampton county, September 8th, 1760, which shows that he had returned to Northampton before the date last named.

Upon his return to Northampton county from Bucks,

he settled at what is known as the old "Northampton Homestead," situated upon the west bank of the Delaware river three miles below Belvidere, New Jersey, and 15 miles above the town of Easton, at the forks of the Lehigh and Delaware rivers. It is a beautiful location, commanding an extensive view of the river, and also of the State of New Jersey, which slopes westward from the Scotch mountains to the Delaware river, while on the west the Northampton hills which separate the Lehigh and Delaware valleys, form a beautiful and picturesque background. The land is well watered and timbered, and the soil productive, but the surface is generally covered with limestone boulders, of which the fences are in many places constructed.

Here, in Lower Bethel township, William McFarren continued to reside until his death, which took place about 1802, although the exact date cannot be ascertained. Of his size, complexion, habits, disposition and personal appearance nothing is known. His granddaughter, Mrs. Jenny Farra, is the only person now living who ever saw him. She was present at his funeral, but being at the time only three years of age, has no distinct recollection of him. He was buried at the old Mt. Bethel burying ground, where the writer saw his grave in 1863. When a lad I can remember of seeing some stray leaves of a family register, written in his hand and can recall the names of his son William and his daughter Margaret, both written in that plain round hand, taught by the Irish schoolmasters of the last century. There has been some question as to the original spelling of the name,

but an examination of some of his books yet in the library of his grandson, the Rev. Samuel McFarren, D. D., shows that he spelled the name as now, McFarren, and his grandsons, James and Samuel, who were both men of more than ordinary education and intelligence, always spelled it the same way.

After the death of her husband, Isabella McFarren and her unmarried daughter Jane, continued to reside at the old homestead which had descended to her son William, upon the payment of certain legacies to the other children, until some time in the winter of 1806-7, when her son having sold the place and was preparing to remove west of the mountains in the following spring, she and her daughter removed to Peter Simanton's, who had married her youngest daughter, and resided a few miles higher up the river, where she made her home until her decease, which took place somewhere between 1807 and 1810.

Her granddaughter, Mrs. Jenny Farrar, who has an indistinct recollection of her grandmother, says that she was not very tall, rather stout with very dark piercing eyes and a long strait pointed nose. It is therefore from the Nelson ancestry that this marked feature of the family comes. The same granddaughter treasures to this day, two family relics of Isabelle Nelson; one a brass hackle, belonging to her family and brought by them from Ireland, probably a hundred and fifty years ago; the other a pair of iron tongs, made by a Jersey blacksmith and presented to her when married and about to begin housekeeping.

This concludes the history of William McFarren and his wife Isabella Nelson, who, so far as is known, were

good, honest, industrious and moral people, of the old Scotch-Irish stock, who were faithful to their day and generation, lived useful and honorable lives and left behind them names worthy to be kept in remembrance by their descendants.

THEIR FAMILY consisted of three sons and two daughters, to wit: First,

JOHN McFARREN,

born in Northhampton county, Pa., December 21st, 1750, married to Jane Scott in A. D. —, and in 1806 removed to the western side of Seneca Lake, in the State of New York, where he died in 18—, leaving no descendants. Second,

JANE McFARREN,

born March 14th, 1753, but whether in Pennsylvania or New Jersey, is not known. Aunt Jane, as she was familiarly known, was in person rather tall and slender, with dark hair, black eyes, and of an evenly, pleasant, and rather lively disposition. After the death of her father, as stated, she removed to and always made her home with her younger sister, Peggy Simanton, and removed West of the mountains with the family in 1810. Mrs. Jenny Farrar, her niece and namesake, says she was rather prepossessing in her personal appearance and winning in her manners, that being a woman of delicate health, she declined to marry and did not remain single for want of opportunities. She was always a great favorite in the family; having no children of her own to care for, she was ever ready at the call of others, always present at births, weddings and funerals, a sort of sister of charity, devoted to the good of others.

After the death of her niece, Nancy Ayers, which took place in May, 1820, she spent much of her time in assisting the little girls left without a mother, and in so doing, overtaxed her strength, and no doubt hastened her own death. It was on Friday afternoon, Sept. 22nd, that she returned to her home, was taken seriously ill, and died on the Monday following, (Sept. 25th, 1820,) at the age of 67 years. She has left us an example of self-sacrifice and devotion to the good of others, worthy of all praise and deserving the grateful remembrance of her relatives and friends on this memorial occasion.

WILLIAM McFARREN,

The third child of Wm. McFarren and Isabella Nelson, was born in Bucks County, Pa., Nov. 26th, 1757. In 1784 he married Polly Scott, the daughter of John Scott, who was a man of some considerable note in Northampton, and himself the son of John Scott, a Scotchman, who emigrated to America at a very early day, settled in Bucks county, was an Elder in the old Neshaminy church, and whose sons filled various positions of honor and profit, both in the army and continental government.

The eldest son, Dr. Moses Scott, who resided at Brunswick, New Jersey, prior to the Revolutionary war, was the intimate friend of General Washington, and by the act of Congress dated June 1st, 1777, made the ranking Surgeon of the middle District; he was present at the battle of Princeton, and by the side of Genl. Mercer when he fell mortally wounded, and was also at Brandywine when General Lafayette was wounded.

She had four brothers, named William, Robert, Al-

exander and George. The last became a Presbyterian minister, removed West of the mountains in 1799, and settled at Mill Creek, Beaver County, Pa., where he preached for many years, where he died in 1847 and is buried.

William McFarren and his wife, Polly Scott, continued to reside at the old Northampton Homestead, on the Delaware river, until 1807, when they sold out and removed West of the mountains, where he purchased from James Holmes, the farm upon which we meet to-day; here they continued to reside until their deaths, which took place in 1817 and 1826. But as it is with their history that we are more particularly interested, I will pass for the present to notice the other members of the family of William McFarren and Isabella Nelson, whose fourth child,

SAMUEL McFARREN,

Was born in Northampton Co., Pa., Sept. 8th, 1760, after the return of his parents from Bucks county as stated. On the 4th day of June, 1800, he married Susannah Campbell, and removed to Western New York, where he arrived and settled on the Western shore of Seneca Lake, on the 16th day of June, 1806, being the day of the total eclipse of the sun; there he continued to reside until his decease in 1828, leaving to survive him, his widow (who died in 1856,) and a large number of descendants, who are scattered throughout the Western and Northwestern States.

MARGARET McFARREN,

The fifth child, and youngest of the family, was born at the old Northampton Homestead, Dec. 26th, 1764.

In person she was tall and slender, disposed to be angular rather than fleshy; was a blonde, with light hair, blue eyes, of nervous temperament, industrious habits, and very much devoted to her family and friends.

In 1795 or 6, she was married to Peter Simanton, the wedding taking place at the old homestead on the Delaware, in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends, the marriage ceremony being solemnized by the Rev. Asa Dunham. James McFarren, her nephew, was then a lad of 8 or 9 years of age, and as it was his first experience at weddings, he remembered the occasion very distinctly. It was a beautiful bright day, and according to his recollection, one of the jolliest and happiest of the many pleasant days spent by the McFarrens on the Delaware. And here again, by this marriage, another connection was made with the Nelsons, the same John Nelson already spoken of, and great-uncle of the bride, having married Margaret Simanton, the oldest sister of the groom.

After her marriage, Aunt Peggy, as she was always familiarly called in the family, removed with her husband to his farm, situated some miles up the river, and nearly opposite to Belvidere, New Jersey, where she continued to reside until 1810, when they sold out, removed West of the mountains, and settled on Cherry's Run, in Washington County, Pa., on the same lands now owned by her daughter, Jenny Farrar, and her grandson, Harper Simanton, where she died June 5th, 1835, at the age of 71 years. Peggy Simanton was a very thrifty housewife, and it was to her good common sense and careful management in no small degree, that her husband's success in life should be

attributed. As an instance of her business tact, it is related by one who was present as a guest at the marriage of her daughter Jenny, that the ceremony was delayed much past the time fixed, by reason of the absence of the Rev. Thos. Marquis, who had been sent for to perform the ceremony. Aunt Peggy finally became so impatient at the delay, that she insisted upon sending a messenger for Esqr. Acheson to perform the ceremony, giving as a reason, that the victuals would be entirely spoiled if they waited any longer.

For many years preceding her decease, she was greatly afflicted with rheumatism, and was confined to her invalid chair. She continued, however, to enjoy the society of her relatives and friends, and her physical sufferings were often lessened, and the weary hours of her declining days made more cheerful by the company of her nieces, the McFarren girls and their children, the Ayers, Duncans, Dungans and Masons, whose visits usually made things lively at aunt Peggy's. It was on a beautiful morning of June, 1835, that she awoke from a refreshing sleep, to which she had long been a stranger, expressed her thankfulness for the relief she felt from pain, but it proved to be only the last spark of expiring vitality that ere the morning passed away, had gone out forever. With her husband, who died a few months later, her youngest daughter who died in 1830, and her son who died in 1871, she rests in Raccoon Churchyard, and her descendants now living, number one child; eleven grandchildren; forty-eight great-grandchildren, and twenty-five great-great-grandchildren—in all eighty-five.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM McFARREN--REASONS FOR MOVING WEST--NUMBER, NAMES AND AGES OF HIS FAMILY--JOURNEY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS IN 1807--ARRIVAL AT THE CROSS-ROADS--REMOVAL OF THE SIMANTONS IN 1810--EXTENSION OF THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Having now traced the history of our original ancestor, John McFadden, from Ireland to America, and the history of his son, William McFadden, from the date of their landing at Philadelphia to the time of his decease in Northampton County, in 1802, together with a brief sketch of each of his children, I now propose to consider more in detail that of the grandson,

WILLIAM McFARREN,

who is really the ancestor West of the mountains, and the one to whom most of those represented in this reunion look as the ancestor from whom they begin to trace their descent. And here the question arises, how did he happen to remove West of the mountains? and what were the inducements that caused him at 49 years of age, to break up all his early associations, leave his comfortable and pleasant home on the Delaware, and with a large family of sons and daughters, make a long and toilsome journey of more than 300 miles across steep and rugged mountains, and over rough and poorly constructed roads, in order that he might find a home in the West, not so pleasantly situated as the one he had left, not so well watered, and not even superior in the quality of the soil.

But the question is easily answered, and the reasons entirely sufficient. Upon the death of his father he had become the owner of the paternal homestead, but it was encumbered with the payment of legacies to his brothers and sisters, who were no doubt anxious to have their several portions in order to provide for themselves; these he was unable to pay without encumbering the farm more than he could afford to carry. By selling it, he could pay the others and still have enough left to fix himself comfortably in the West, where land was so much cheaper. Another reason that no doubt had much to do in determining his removal, was the fact that his brothers-in-law, Alexander and George Scott, were already West of the mountains, the former near Fairview, West Va., and the latter at Mill Creek, in Beaver County, Pa. Also, a number of his neighbors and Northampton acquaintances, the Crawfords, Horners, Kerrs and others who were no doubt writing back glowing accounts of the advantages he would gain by removing West, the last two, no doubt, influencing him to purchase the farm on which we now stand, instead of going further down into the Pan-handle where his brothers-in-law (the Scotts) had settled.

His family at that time, 1807, besides his wife, who was about his own age, consisted of his eldest daughter, Nancy, aged 22 years, already married to David Ayers; his oldest son, James, aged 21 years; his second daughter, Jane, aged 20 years; his second son, John, aged 18 years; his third daughter, Isabella, aged 16 years; his third son, William, aged 15 years; his fourth daughter, Polly, aged 13 years; his fourth son, Samuel,

aged 11 years; his fifth daughter, Peggy, aged 9 years.

They started from the old Northampton Homestead on Tuesday, the 11th day of May, 1807, and went the first day as far as Nazareth, a small village situated on the top of the river hills, or first range of mountains West of the Delaware, being followed by a large company of neighbors and friends, who gathered to see them start on what was then regarded as a long and difficult journey. At Nazareth they were joined by a number of other families, also removing West in the same company, among whom were the Millers, a family from the same neighborhood.

Here the condition of their wagons was carefully looked to, horses shod and chains for locking the wheels in descending the steep hills and mountains that lay in their way. The evening was spent by the young folks in fun and frolic, but by the older and more thoughtful ones in pleasant social converse, somewhat saddened by the thought that they were soon to part from each other, perhaps never again to meet on earth, and then old and young joined in singing their favorite and familiar hymns, and the evening closed with earnest prayers, in which the departing friends were commended to the care and protection of that God in whom they trusted and in whose hands were the issues of life and death.

On the second day they traveled as far as Allentown, thence to Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, where they crossed the Susquehanna river; thence to Carlisle, Shippensburg and Strasburg, at the foot of the first mountain; thence to Fannetsburg, the Burnt Cabins, Bloody Run, Bedford, Somerset, Mt. Pleasant,

Robbstown, Williamsport, (at the Monongahela crossing,) and thence to Canonsburg, Hickory, Burgettstown and Briceland's cross-roads. I am not able to give the exact date of their arrival, or the number of days they were on the road; but the entire distance traveled was about 360 miles, and supposing the distance traveled daily to be 20 miles; which was the average they intended making each day, and they would reach the cross-roads on the 28th day of May; but John McFarren says they lost one day, were about three weeks on the road, and reached the cross-roads about the last of May, very much worn out and tired, so that we are probably celebrating as nearly the exact date of their arrival as we can fix it.

The incidents attending the journey were not, with few exceptions, so marked as to be remembered. The roads were rough, and the hills and mountains so steep, that in many places the heavily loaded wagons were with much difficulty dragged over them. In ascending, the teams were obliged to stop frequently, to allow the horses to blew, while some one followed with a stick of wood, or a boulder, to "scorch" the wheel, that is, to keep it from going backwards, and at the same time relieve the horses from holding it.

Among the different families of movers in the company, was the Millers. One of the girls, Jane, a young woman 16 or 17 years of age, rode a filly of her own. In going up the mountains, the animal became so accustomed to the frequent stoppages made by the teams, that she would invariably stop when they stopped, and start when they started; and it was while going up the mountains, that James McFarren amused

the company by carrying a fence rail on his shoulder, with which he would "scorch" Jane Miller's filly when she stopped to rest.

The young girls belonging to the different families often visited back and forth in order to ride together in the same wagon. Some of them had good voices and were fond of singing, and enlivened the way singing hymns and songs, and their voices could often be heard ringing far up and down the mountain sides, while the burthened teams were slowly making their toilsome way onward. I think it was the first Sabbath after starting, that they had determined to lay by and not travel; but found so much rude company about the tavern where stopping, that they changed their minds and took the road.

The arrival of a new family in the neighborhood, especially one with so many bright and lively young folks, soon brought the McFarrens plenty of company, and made their home a pleasant and desirable resort. Mother Farrar yet recalls a letter, written by Polly to her aunt Jane, during the next winter after their arrival here, in which, among other items of news, she told her aunt that a young man by the name of Henry Robinson, was in the habit of visiting at their house occasionally, and that she noticed Jane's eyes were always smaller than usual the next day.

It was no doubt through such influences as these and the desire to be together, that the relatives left in Northampton, were induced to follow them to the West. Besides Northampton was undergoing a great change. The Dutch were pouring into New York and Philadelphia by ship loads, and spreading out over the

Jerseys and Eastern Pennsylvania in great numbers; every tract of land offered for sale was bought up by them, and around old homes where they had long been accustomed to meet only familiar faces, were seen a strange people, dressed in a peculiar costume, and speaking a language they could not understand. Therefore in the early spring of 1810, the Simantons sold out and wrote their friends at cross-roads, that they were now ready to set their faces Westward. Thereupon William McFarren sent his son John back over the mountains, to help his uncle Peter and aunt Jane to remove West. John took with him two horses, and when he reached Northampton, bought a light two horse wagon, into which some bedding and provisions were packed, and this formed the carriage in which the women and children traveled, while their household goods were packed into one of the regular old Conestoga wagon beds, and drawn by a team of four horses. The exact date of their starting is not known, but they aimed to make the trip at about the same season of the year, and in about the same time the McFarrens had made it three years before.

There was the same gathering of friends and neighbors to see them start, the Bairds, Rays, Jacobys, Brittons, Keifers, and many others who followed as far as Nazareth, where the final parting again took place, and the last farewell were said. They must have started early, for Jenny Simanton, then a little girl of ten years, was taken from her bed and placed in the wagon while yet asleep, and was not aware of their leaving until awakened by the sharp crack of John McFarren's whip, as he urged the teams up the

Northampton hills, West from the Delaware valley.

At Nazareth they were also joined by other families, the Dusenberrys, Butlers, and others, and followed the same route traveled by the McFarrens, as far as Bedford, where they struck the Braddock road, which they then followed by way of Shellsburgh, Stuystown, Laughlinstown, Ligonier, Youngstown, and Greensburg, crossing Turtle Creek 12 miles above Pittsburgh. The wagons being heavily loadened, the women and children usually walked up the hills and mountains, and it was after the teams reached the top of the first mountain West of Strasburg, that they found aunt Peggy sitting on a log by the roadside, and apparently absorbed in deep and serious thought. When inquired of if she was homesick and wanted to return, she said no; but that she had just been thinking that Providence had no doubt placed the mountains there to prevent people from going any further in that direction, and that they were flying in the face of Providence by attempting to do so.

In ascending the second mountain, Jenny Simanton was walking along a path worn by travelers on the upper side of the road, while the covered wagons were toiling up the road below, and with their tops almost on a level with the bank upon which she was walking; as she stepped upon a rotten log the quick sharp rattle of a snake was heard, when those who knew what it meant, called to her to jump upon the wagon top below, which she quickly did. Upon turning over the log, Dr. Dusenberry found and killed a large rattlesnake, from which were taken twelve rattles, which were strung upon a string and given to her as a remembrance

of the narrow escape she had made. John McFarren having now made several trips over the same road, and being a young man full of life and fun, was pretty well known by most of the Landlords, and when they stopped at night they would sometimes have a dance, or some other entertainment to while away the time. On one of these occasions the Landlord being a fiddler, played for them and they had a dance and being at a loss for ladies, Jenny Simanton was pressed into the service to help make up the sett, and after indulging in jigs, reels, squares, Frenches, etc., somebody proposed the "cuckoo's nest," but the Landlord said "no," that he would bet the drinks for the crowd next morning, that there was nobody in the company who could dance the "cuckoo's nest" right but himself. John McFarren said he would take that bet; whereupon the landlord fiddled the proper music, while Simon Butler danced the "cuckoo's nest."—not only to the admiration of all present, but to the entire satisfaction of the landlord himself, who, not only gave up the bet, but offered to liquor then and there, and also, to repeat the dose next morning.

This same Simon Butler settled down in the Panhandle, and lived to be quite an old man. As late as the summer of 1834 or 5, he visited his friend Peter Simanton, with whom he had crossed the mountains in 1810, and I can remember of seeing the two old men sitting on the porch close together, and bawling into each other's deaf ears, and trying to talk about down below.

On the last night of their journey, the Simantons stayed at what was once known as Baldwin's tavern,

on the Chartiers, three miles West of Pittsburgh, and John McFarren having agreed with his sisters before he left home upon a signal, by which he would let them know of their arrival, concealed, at least from the women, that he expected to reach their destination before late in the evening. Therefore, when they had climbed the last hill from Raccoon creek, and were within a short half mile of the place, now only concealed from view by the intervening timber, he proposed to rest the teams, and while doing so, took a spell of cracking his wagon whip, in which some of those in the company joined him. This was the signal agreed upon, and which the folks who were on the lookout heard, therefore, when the movers started forward, they were agreeably surprised on emerging from the woods, to find themselves in the arms of their friends, for there came uncle and aunt McFarren, and Nancy Ayers and James, and William, and Jane, and Isabella, and Polly, and Peggy, and Samuel, all overjoyed to meet those from whom they had been so long separated. There are two persons yet living who can remember that meeting. Mother Farrar, the little girl of ten years, who says: "There was about as much crying as laughing." And Mrs. Ramsey, a child of less than five years, who can remember of watching at the window, and that a butterfly had distracted her childish attention when her own mother grasped her in her arms exclaiming, "there! they are coming," and ran out to meet them. Those only who know the impulsive nature of the McFarrens, and the partiality they always manifested for their relatives, can properly appreciate the joy of that meeting, they cried not for

sorrow, but for joy, because their hearts were too full for utterance, and tears came to their relief.

In due time, the Simantons purchased a farm and settled in Cherry Valley. Isabella McFarren, during the next year, married David Dungan, and removed with her husband two miles below Frankfort. And thus the family circle was extended from Mill Creek to Raccoon, with Isabella at Frankfort Springs, and Nancy Ayers at Burgettstown, while Cross Roads was the centre. And thus for the next six years the families continued to live and enjoy the society of each other. They were not a slow, considerate, judgmental people, but bright and lively, and during those years when all were yet living, and no changes, except the occasional marriage of a son or daughter, there was a great deal of social friendship between them, and no crowd could be dull and lifeless where James or Polly were present. The girls thought nothing of a ten mile's ride on horse back; were mostly good horsewomen and some of them rather expert riders. But in winter when there fell deep snows, such sled loads of romping girls and boys, as went sleighing to Raccoon and Frankfort, with their fun and frolic, was enough to drive dull care distracted.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH OF JANE ROBINSON—DEATH OF AUNT POLLY—DEATH OF PEGGY—MARRIAGE OF POLLY—DEATH OF WILLIAM JUN.—DEATH OF NANCY AYERS AND THE FATHER—PERSON AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM McFARREN.

The first change in the family after they settled at Cross-roads, was the marriage of Jane, to Henry Robinson, which occurred February 9th, 1809, the winter before the Simantons and aunt Jane moved out from "down below," as they always spoke of Northampton, but as she lived much at home for some years, and was back and forth frequently, even after she had removed to a home of her own, her marriage caused very little change in the family.

The first death in the family was that of the mother, which happened November 29th, 1817. Resulting from injuries received by a fall while the girls were absent attending Jenny Simanton's wedding in the month of March previous. She was born in 1756, and was consequently aged 61 years at the time of her death. In personal appearance she was a woman of medium size, dark hair, black eyes, of an amiable disposition, patient, industrious, and much devoted to her family and friends, and much esteemed by all who knew her, as a devoted wife, kind mother, and sincere christian.

The next death was that of Jane Robinson, who died May 23d, 1818, aged 31 years, leaving two sons and one daughter to survive her. The former reside

in Kansas and Iowa, and the descendants of the latter at Washington, Guernsey Co., O. She is represented in this Reunion by her son, William McFarren Robinson, of Montgomery County, Kansas. Her descendants now living number two children, nineteen grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild—in all thirty-nine.

The next death in the family was that of Peggy, the youngest daughter, who died July 1st, 1879, at the age of twenty-two years, under circumstances somewhat sad. She was engaged to be married to a worthy young man, David Proudfit, and the wedding day had been fixed for the following Christmas, but before that time he was taken seriously ill. When it became evident that he would not recover, she was sent for and remained with him to the last; his funeral taking place on the day that had been fixed for their marriage. The shock was too great for her sensitive nature, and from it she never recovered; and notwithstanding every effort was made to divert her mind from the subject, she continued to pine through the winter following, and when Spring came drooped like a lily and on the first of July passed away. She was buried at Florence, where her grave may be seen in the McFarren row, near that of her father and mother. In person, she was regarded as quite handsome, having light hair and blue eyes, and was possessed of a very sweet and pleasant disposition.

On the 12th day of July, Polly McFarren was married to David Duncan. Because of the recent death of her sister, the wedding was a very quiet one; only the immediate friends being present, and the bride dressed

1819

in mourning. The next death was that of William, the third son, who died March 5th, 1820, aged 28 years. He had been married for some years to Abigail Caldwell, and at the time of his decease was engaged in merchandising at the cross-roads. In personal appearance, he was a man of medium size, fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes, of more than ordinary intelligence and good business habits; he gave promise of much usefulness, but was cut off in the prime of early manhood, leaving a widow and one daughter to survive him, both of whom have since died, leaving no descendants.

On the first day of May following, Nancy Ayers, the oldest daughter, died, at the age of 35 years, after a married life of 16 years, leaving a husband and six children to survive her. She was married to David Ayers on the 19th of November, 1804, at the Northampton Homestead on the Delaware; removed with the family when they crossed the mountains in 1807; lived for some years in the house built by her father up at the road, and until her husband purchased the farm of Hugh Edgar, now owned by Arthur Campbell, near Burgettstown, to which they removed, where she continued to reside until her decease as stated. In person, she was about the size of her daughter, Mrs. Newell, with dark hair and eyes, of rather delicate constitution, a faithful wife and kind mother. Her grave is in the McFarren row, at Florence, where her body was laid to rest sixty years ago. Her descendants now living, number four children, eleven grandchildren and twelve great-grandchildren—in all twenty-seven.

The next death was that of aunt Jane, September

1820, as already stated, and thus, within three years, no less than six members of this family who had crossed the mountains died and were laid to rest in the Florence cemetery. These dispensations wrought a great change in the McFarrer home, which not long after the marriage of Polly, was broken up, and the father went to reside with his son James, where he continued to make his home until his decease, which took place on the sixth day of July, 1826, aged seventy-one years, four months and twenty days.

I have tried to learn something of his personal appearance, disposition and habits, but without much success. In size, he was about five feet ten inches in height, and weighed about 150 pounds. His complexion dark, with dark hair and eyes, rather heavy eyebrows, and in size and appearance, much such a man as his son John; in disposition, he was rather quick and impulsive, with something of that restlessness so characteristic of his sons James and John, and which still manifests itself in some of his grandsons. His nephew, Rev. Jno. W. Scott, D. D., son of the Rev. George Scott, of Mill Creek, says: "Uncle McFarren "was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and "strength of mind for a farmer of but common education, of good judgment, firm and decided opinions, "and commanding the respect and confidence of those "who knew him. I had myself a considerably intimate association and intercourse with him in his ripe "old age and entertained for him a high degree of "veneration and respect. In politics he was a decided "Democrat of the Jefferson School and consequently a "war man in 1812. My father on the other hand was

"a Federalist of the old John Adams stamp, and a "peace man. The consequence was that as the quarrel between Great Britain and the United States began to brew, the two brothers-in-law used about that time to embitter their friendly visits to each other, "by pretty sharp political discussions about the justice "and policy of the war, until their wives, my mother "and aunt McFarren, laid their interdict, tabooing the "subject of politics from their family visits. In religion he was a Presbyterian and an exemplary member "of the old Cross-road church. I cannot speak positively as to his revolutionary services, but am under the impression that he was engaged in some department of the continental service, and have also heard my father speak of Uncle William having been engaged while yet a stripling of 17 years, in the capacity of a home guard, to protect the settlements along "the Delaware from the depredations of straggling parties of Tories and Indians who infested that region "during the progress of the revolutionary war." In addition to the testimony of Dr. Scott, my own impression gathered from what I learned from both Jas. and John McFarren, also from my own mother, and uncle John Simanton, is that William McFarren and the two Simantons, Peter and James, were all in the continental service. But in what capacity, or in what particular line of the service, I cannot state. His brother-in-law, Robert Scott, certainly rendered very hard and honorable service in the Jersey campaign. William McFarren was himself 18 years of age when the revolutionary war began, and it is altogether improbable, that a stout hearty young man, subject to

military service, could remain so near the scene of action during the entire war, when men were so much needed, and were so often drawn upon by heavy drafts to fill up Washington's Army, without being in the service. It was always conceded that Peter Simanton was entitled to a pension if he would apply for it; and among the revolutionary relics long preserved in the family, was what was called a horse pistol, a most formidable looking weapon, which would indicate that he belonged to some branch of the mounted service, and the understanding always seemed to be that the parties named had all been in the same kind of service together.

His funeral, which was very largely attended, took place on Saturday, July 28, 1826, he was laid to rest by the side of his faithful wife who had preceded him nearly nine years before, in the same row with his son and daughters, and adjoining that of his old friend and companion in arms, James Simanton. His descendants number twenty grandchildren, seventy-four great-grandchildren, sixty-eight great-great-grandchildren and one great-great-great-grandchild (the last being Mary Francis Steel, the great-great-granddaughter of his daughter Jane)—in all 103.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF ISABELLA DUNGAN—BAPTISMAL INCIDENT—MARY MOODY—DEATH OF POLLY DUNCAN, JAMES, SAMUEL AND JOHN MCFARREN—BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY.

The next to follow the father was Isabella, who died January 27th, 1832, aged 41 years. She was born in Northampton, March 23rd, 1791; removed West of the mountains in 1807; was married to David Dungan —, A. D., 18—, and soon after removed with her husband to the Dungan place, near Frankfort Springs, where her married life was spent, and where she died in 1832, as stated, leaving a family of three sons and five daughters to survive her. In person, she was of medium height, slender and rather delicate form, with dark hair and black eyes, a bright, lively woman with the McFarren disposition strongly developed, and to those who have seen the latter, was reproduced both in personal appearance and disposition, in her own daughter, Sarah Ann Dungan, now deceased.

One beautiful incident connected with the history of Isabella McFarren, often told over at the family firesides, must not be omitted on this occasion. In the month of May 1791, she was one of the babes presented for baptism, on a christening occasion at Mt. Bethel. Among other infants presented for baptismal rites on the same occasion, was a babe named Mary Moody, both were sprinkled from the same bowl. This in itself was but an ordinary event, but the after lives of

these two babes thus joined in baptism, gives it interest. The parents of each removed West of the mountains; the one settling at Cross-Roads, the other at Mill Creek. Isabella McFarren became the wife of David Dungan, and died in 1832, leaving a family of small children motherless. In 18—, Mary Moody became the second wife of David Dungan, and a mother to the children of her baptismal mate, a trust that she most sacredly discharged, proving herself one of the most devoted of wives and faithful of mothers, to the husband and children of her deceased friend. Isabella Dungan was also buried at Florence, and her descendants now living, number three children, eighteen grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren—in all forty.

A period of thirty years now intervened, during which there were no deaths in the family, except that of Peggy Simanton, in 1835; then that of Polly Duncan occurred in 1860, (May 1st). She was born in Northampton, October 2nd, 1794, was married to David Duncan, July 12th, 1819, and was therefore sixty-six years of age at the time of her decease. Of all the daughters, Polly was the most perfect sample of the McFarren type, she had black hair, very dark eyes, and the Nelson nose to perfection, quick in her preceptions, and ready in reply, she possessed a vein of wit and irony that made her company very enjoyable; being a good conversationalist and an inveterate tease, nothing delighted her more when a girl, than to entertain some bashful young fellow who had come to visit some of the other girls, when, by her shrewdness and tact, she would be sure to lead him into mak-

ing, or assenting to, some absurd or ridiculous statement, to the great mortification of her sisters, who were always in agony until they could get their beaux out of Polly's hands.

She was a great favorite among the country girls of her acquaintance, who often made her their confidant and the custodian of some of their most profound secrets, which she would sometimes relate with a relish that made them very amusing.

Among others, were old Jimmy B.'s daughters, who were rather common-place girls, but very much inclined to keep up with the fashions, so far as dress was concerned. On one occasion they had been visiting in an adjoining neighborhood where there was what was then known as a Seceder Church, which these girls attended for the first time, and it being a communion occasion, they were much impressed with the manner in which the communicants approached and retired from the tables. The custom being for some old fellow with an open psalm book in his hand, to lead off, followed by his wife and daughters, going in at one end of the table and marching through to the opposite end, when they countermarched to the place of beginning, and thus kept on singing and marching all the while until the table was filled, when they were seated and served; and then retired in the same manner, while others took their places. This parade struck the B. girls very forcibly, especially the long green veils worn by the ladies. And upon their return they gave Polly McFarren a very vivid description of the whole performance and of their impressions, saying "that it was so awful nice, 'jist to see them all a marchin' like

a muster, with their long green wales a wavin', and that mam had said, when they were old enough, they should have silk dresses and green wales, and jine the meetin', too." Polly could mimic the girls to perfection, and to hear her tell this in her best vein was a rich treat indeed. The last time I ever saw her, her daughter Molly, since better known to us as cousin Moll Clendenning, (then a young woman in her prime, and I think without exception, one of the best looking and brightest of the McFarrens,) and I, after much coaxing, induced aunt Polly to repeat the story of the B. girls and the green wales, which she did with as much zest as ever, and to our great amusement. Her married life lasted forty-one years. She, too, was buried at Florence, and her descendants now living, number four children, sixteen grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren—in all thirty-nine.

JAMES McFARREN,

the oldest son, was the next, born at Northampton, June 12, 1786; he died at Florence, November 3, 1866, aged 80 years, 4 months and 22 days. He removed West with his father's family in 1807; in 1810 was married to Jane Miller, the same girl whose filly he "scorched" while crossing the mountains, and for 53 years owned and resided upon the farm where we are now assembled. This dwelling house, barn, and out buildings, are all improvements made under his direction. These trees under which we are gathered, were planted, pruned, and cared for by him, and here many of those now present have often shared his hospitality and enjoyed his company. In personal appearance, he was a genuine McFarren, with the characteristic

Nelson nose, a black eye, that kindled with interest, sparkled with pleasure, and twinkled with wit and humor. He had an earnest gaze, partaking sometimes of the marvelous, as though he was taking in all you said with the most verdant credulity, but the expression imperceptibly faded into a peculiar twinkle of the eye, and a working of the lips, that often left one in doubt, whether he was really astonished at what was being told him, or only trying to quiz you. His height was five feet ten inches, with a well proportioned frame, his usual weight being 160 pounds. Neat in person, tasteful in dress, and with hair prematurely gray, his presence was commanding, and would attract attention in any crowd; his laugh was not only hearty but peculiar, in which his entire face seemed to join. For many years he filled the office of a justice of the peace, the duties of which he discharged with such ability and integrity as to give great satisfaction; he was also at one time a member of the Legislature of this State and was recognized as more than an average member of that body.

He was always active in the church and Sabbath school, where at different times, he ably and faithfully filled almost every official position from that of ruling elder in the former, to superintendent of the latter. He cherished, with a devotion almost sacred, the traditions of his family history, and it is to his careful and accurate preservation of dates and facts, that the writer is principally indebted for the early history of the family. He preserved and used for more than twenty-five years, the same stick or piece of wood to fasten the spring-house door, until it became almost worn

out with long use, and took great pleasure in showing it to his visitors and telling its history. He was a man of good sound judgment, in whose opinions and integrity his friends and acquaintances had the fullest confidence; was a charming companion, and whether among children or adults he was equally at home and equally interesting. Although he left no descendants to perpetuate the name, he probably did more to give character to the family than any other of William McFarren's children, and his name should ever be cherished with affection, and gratefully remembered by the descendants on this memorial occasion.

SAMUEL McFARREN,

the fourth son, was the next. He was born at Northampton, July 9th, 1796; was eleven years of age when the family crossed the mountains; was married February, 1827, to Miss Harriet Caldwell, a sister of his brother William's widow, and died at Blairsville, Pa., August 1st, 1870, aged 73 years and 22 days. Of his early life very little is known, except that he soon developed a taste for books and study, and a corresponding distaste for work and farming, and several stories are still preserved in the family going to show that fact. One is, that having upon some occasion unhitched the team with which he had been working and put the horses in the stable, he went sauntering off to the house in an abstracted sort of mood carrying the pin used to fasten the door in his hand, and without having unharnessed or fed the animals he had been using.

Another is, that having been ordered by his father to hitch up the team and go to the mill after some

grinding the family were needing, Samuel became so absorbed in the pages of a book he was reading, that he forgot all about it. Therefore, when the old gentleman returned to the house some hours later, he was much surprised to find his hopeful son still poring over his book; being out of patience, he proceeded to scold him sharply for his neglect and want of attention, to all of which Samuel remained entirely oblivious; when having at last reached a good stopping place he laid down his book and began telling his father about what he had been reading as though the latter had been sitting there all the while in waiting to hear how the story ended. Of course there was no use in trying to make a farmer out of such material as that; Samuel was thereupon sent to Washington College, where he graduated in the class of 1822.

His cousin, the Rev. John W. Scott, his fellow student and college chum, says: "Though in the class one year ahead of me, he stood *facile princeps*, and afterwards became eminent in his clerical profession as a theologian, a pastor, and as a man of integrity and influence." After studying theology and being licensed to preach, he was settled at Congruity Church, October 3, 1827, where he continued to labor until by reason of his advanced years and growing infirmitiess, he was obliged to resign his charge, when he retired from active labor and continued to reside at Blairsville until his death. In person, he was five feet nine inches high, but of slender build, pale complexion, rather delicate features, having deeply set brown eyes, heavy eyebrows and a high forehead; the effect of which was somewhat increased by his habit of always comb-

ing his prematurely gray hair straight backwards; he stood perfectly straight, and was brisk in his movements until his last illness. He was buried at Blairsville, Pa. His descendants now living, number six children and eight grandchildren--in all fourteen.

JOHN MCFARREN,

the second son of William McFarren and Polly Scott, born at Northampton, June 21st, 1789, was the last survivor of the family, and died at Cambridge, Ohio, July 30th, 1871, aged 82 years, one month and nine days. His life was the most irregular of any of the family, and yet he outlived them all and attained a greater age than any other member.

At the time of the removal West in 1807, he was 18 years of age, a good horseman, an expert teamster and the manager and director of the party. To him the occasion was one full of novelty and adventure, and he entered into it with all the enthusiasm of his young and ardent disposition. Having successfully conducted one party over the mountains in 1807, he was sent back by his father in 1810, to bring over the Simanton's, the particulars of which have already been given.

For many years after the family settled at Crossroads, John took an active interest in military affairs, and held the office of Adjutant of the First and Second Battalions, 66th Regiment, Penn'a. Militia, which held their annual musters at Hickory and Burgettstown. He was residing at Florence, in August, 1812, when the surrender of Hull at Detroit, threw the whole northwest into the wildest state of alarm. When the news reached Florence, John McFarren being the mil-

itary head of the place, held a consultation with Rev. Elisha McCurdy, the spiritual head of the place, and the unanimous conclusion was: that the occasion was extraordinary, the danger imminent, and that something must be done immediately. Whereupon runners were sent out to ride all night, and notify the people to meet at Burgettstown next day, for the purpose of raising volunteers to march against the British and Indians, who were reported to be advancing upon the defenseless frontier, and killing and scalping men, women and children without mercy. Jno. McFarren, in order to give the thing an appearance of authority, donned his regimentals, including an enormous blood-red cockade and a sword, and rode all night, taking the northern circuit, while McCurdy and somebody else stirred up the other side. As might be expected, they succeeded in creating a great excitement and alarm, and collected a large crowd at Burgettstown next day, where three hundred volunteers were raised, equipped, provisioned and marched within forty-eight hours towards the frontier as far as New Lisbon, Ohio, where Col. Ball was then stationed in command of a camp of instruction.

The military head and the spiritual head of this expedition preceded the march of the battallion on horseback, keeping some miles in advance to guard against surprise. When they reached New Lisbon, they found every thing orderly and quiet, and when they remonstrated with Col. Ball at his indifference to the danger that threatened the peace of the country, he threatened to place them under arrest, for causing a foolish and unnecessary alarm. Thereupon they re-

turned and reported to the column that had by this time come up. The troops, very indignant at the insult put upon their Adjutant and Chaplain, drew up in line and fired a volley to let Col. Ball know what they could do, and then went into camp. The next day being Sunday, McCurdy preached them an able sermon, and on Monday they started back, reaching Florence on Tuesday evening, very tired, and greatly to the relief of their families and friends, who had never expected to see their faces again.

John McFarren was thrice married; first, to Abigail Smith, who died in 1817; second, to Elizabeth Mercer, who died in 18—, and third, in 1835, to Margaret Black, of Gettysburg, Pa., who survived him. From 1848 to 1871, it was my fortune to know John McFarren very intimately, and it is to his recollection that I am indebted for much of this history. He was then about sixty years of age, much impaired in general health, but full of vitality, and taking an active interest both in politics and religion, a zealous Presbyterian ever ready to stand up for the faith of his fathers. In size, he was five feet ten and one-half inches high, of slight build, weighing not over 145 pounds. He had the Nelson nose, a dark piercing eye, an earnest expression of countenance, was full of fun and humor, a pleasant and entertaining companion; rather impulsive in his disposition, warm and hearty in his friendships, but somewhat bitter in his resentments.

For some years before his death he was much afflicted with cataract of the eyes, which finally resulted in total blindness; for about two years he was wrapt in darkness. The vigor of his mind, however, was

unimpaired; he continued to enjoy the society of his relatives and friends to the last, and of all subjects, none delighted him more than to talk about Northampton and the Cross-roads. His memory of events, persons, places and dates was remarkably good. It was during those dark days of his closing life, that the writer would often take an atlas to his room and turning to the map of his native state, travel with him in imagination across the mountains, recalling every incident of the journey, which he could remember with wonderful accuracy, and thus he whiled away many a weary hour and furnished items which have been incorporated into this family history for our information.

He gradually wore away, and on a quiet Sabbath evening in July, 1871, calmly sank to rest. His body sleeps in the cemetery at Cambridge, Ohio, beneath a plain Scotch granite monument, which bears this inscription:

JOHN MCFARREN,
BORN IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.
DIED,
At Cambridge, Ohio, July 30, 1871,
AGED EIGHTY-TWO YEARS.

His descendants now living, number one child, two grandchildren and one great-grandchild—in all four.

I have now traced the history of the McFarrens for a period of nearly 150 years; from the landing of the original ancestor at Philadelphia in 1732, to the death of his last surviving great-grandson at Cambridge, Ohio, in 1871. One of his great-granddaughters, Mrs. Jenny Farrar, of Midway, Pa., born August 11th, 1799,

at Northampton, Pa., still survives to participate in this Reunion long to be remembered by those present. Of the descendants of his grandsons who removed to Western New York in 1806, nothing further is known than has already been stated, but of those of his grandson William McFarren, and of his granddaughter Peggy Simanton, who removed to Western Pennsylvania in 1807 and 1810, now living, there are so far as known, of the fourth generation, one; of the fifth generation, thirty-one; of the sixth generation, one hundred and twenty-three; of the seventh generation, ninety-three; of the eighth generation, one—in all two hundred and forty-nine.

AN ACCOUNT
Of The Reunion, Held May 29th, 1880,

The Names and Addresses of Those Present.

The subject of holding a Reunion of the McFarren family, after being talked over for some years, finally took shape by the issuance of the following card:

Mr. —, A Reunion of the descendants of William McFarren, deceased, will be held at Florence, Pa., on next Decoration Day, May 29th, 1880. Report at Burgettstown Station, on the P. C. & St. L. R. R., at 9 o'clock, A. M., where conveyances will be ready. By special arrangement, through trains East and West will stop at Burgettstown that evening.

May 1st, 1880. W. M. DUNCAN, } Committee of
S. C. FARRAR, } Arrangements.

This card was addressed to all the descendants whose places of residence were known to the committee, and was so well responded to that at the time fixed a large company of the relatives met at the station named, and proceeded to the Old McFarren Homestead, one mile East of Florence, now owned by — Jackson, where the meeting was converted into a family pic-nic; and a dinner, under the direction of

Mrs. Harriet Duncan, of Allegheny City, and Mrs. Ettie Farrar, of Raccoon, was spread upon the grassy lawn in the old McFarren orchard.

While dinner was being prepared, the relatives who had thus come together from distant places, many of whom had never met before, and others not for long years, were busied in exchanging greetings, renewing old friendships, and making new ones; and laughed and chatted, and kissed and cried, as they recalled the past and talked of those dear friends whose memories they had met to commemorate, while the children, unmindful of the past, and gay and happy as birds, romped and enjoyed themselves upon the green grass as only children can. A count of those present, showed the number to be seventy-nine.

To wit: Mrs. Jenny Farrar, of Midway, Pa., the only survivor

OF THE FOURTH GENERATION,

born in Northampton County, Pa., in 1799, and now in her 81st year, *the oldest living* representative of the family.

OF THE FIFTH GENERATION—18.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ramsey, - Ontario, Richland Co., O.

Mrs. Mary Newell, - Bucyrus, Crawford Co., O.

Mrs. Abigail Evans, - Delaware, Delaware Co., O.

Mr. Wm. McFarren Robinson, Independence, Montgomery Co., Kas.

Mr. John S. Duncan. - - - Cross-Creek, Pa.

Mr. Wm. McFarren Duncan, Allegheny City, Pa.

Miss Jane Duncan, - - - - McDonald, Pa.

Mr. Alex. Duncan, - - - - Steubenville, O.

Miss Mary Dungan, -	-	Frankfort Springs, Pa.
Miss Isabella Dungan, -	-	Frankfort Springs, Pa.
Miss Harriet McFarren, -	-	- Blairsville, Pa.
Mr. Robert S. Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Wm. McFarren Farrar, -	-	- Cambridge, O.
Mrs. Julia McElroy, -	-	- Hickory, Pa.
Mr. Simanton Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Harper Simanton, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mrs. Margaret Campbell, -	-	- Midway, Pa.
Mrs. Isabella Patterson, -	-	- Boliver, Pa.

OF THE SIXTH GENERATION—28.

Rev. D. A. Newell, -	-	Clark, Mercer Co., Pa.
Mr. Hugh Lee Duncan, -	-	- Cross-Creek, Pa.
Miss Hanna May Duncan, -	-	Cross-Creek, Pa.
Miss Ida Jennie Duncan, -	-	- Cross-Creek, Pa.
Mr. S. Clark Farrar, -	-	- Raccoon, Pa.
Mr. John Farrar, -	-	- Raccoon, Pa.
Mr. George W. Farrar, -	-	Braddocks Fields Pa.
Mrs. Mary L. Morgan, -	-	- Bridgeville, Pa.
Miss Helen B. Farrar, -	-	- Cambridge, O.
Miss Jennie Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Miss Hattie Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Henry Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Samuel Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Peter S. Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Silas W. Farrar, -	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mr. Edwin Clendenning, -	-	- Wheeling, W. Va.
Mr. John Clendenning, -	-	- Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Ella Taylor, -	-	Cambridge, O.
Mrs. Delia Moore, -	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Mrs. Sallie McCarty, -	-	Allegheny City, Pa.

Miss Emma Campbell,	-	-	-	Midway, Pa.
Miss Cora Campbell,	-	-	-	Midway, Pa.
Mr. Watson Campbell,	-	-	-	Midway, Pa.
Mrs. Alice Johnson,	-	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Mrs. Laura Patterson,	-	-	-	Cross-Creek, Pa.
Mrs. Ida Cleland,	-	-	-	Frankfort, Pa.
Mrs. Hanna Moore,	-	-	-	Frankfort, Pa.
Miss Carry Duncan,	-	-	-	Steubenville, O.

OF THE SEVENTH GENERATION—15.

Master Charles Farrar,	-	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Master Preston C. Farrar,	-	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Master S. Clark Farrar,	-	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Miss Josephine Farrar,	-	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Miss Bessie Morgan,	-	-	-	Bridgeville, Pa.
Miss Jennie F. Morgan,	-	-	-	Bridgeville, Pa.
Miss Blanche Duncan,	-	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Miss Haddie McCarty,	-	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Miss Hallie Moore,	-	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Master Duncan Moore,	-	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Miss Baby Cleland,	-	-	-	Frankfort Springs, Pa.
Miss Kittie Simanton,	-	-	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Miss Maggie Simanton,	-	-	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Master Walter Simanton,	-	-	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Miss Venna Patterson,	Cross Creek, Pa., aged two months, being the youngest descendant present.			

RELATIVES BY MARRIAGE—11.

Mr. J. C. Evans,	Delaware, Delaware Co., O.		
Mr. William C. Campbell,	-	-	Midway, Pa.
Mr. Billingsly Morgan,	-	-	Bridgeville, Pa.
Mr. William Moore,	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.

Mr. Robert Cleland,	-	-	Frankfort Springs, Pa.
Mr. Russell Moore,	-	-	Frankfort Springs, Pa.
Mrs. Harriet Duncan,	-	-	Allegheny City, Pa.
Mrs. Ettie Farrar,	-	-	Raccoon, Pa.
Mrs. Ellen Simanton,	-	-	Cherry Valley, Pa.
Mrs. Lida Clendenning,	-	-	Wheeling, W. Va.
Mr. —— Patterson,	-	-	Cross-Creek, Pa.

FRIENDS—6.

Mr. J. L. Proudfit, Esqr.,	-	-	Cardville, Pa.
Mrs. J. L. Proudfit,	-	-	Cardville, Pa.
Mrs. Margaret Duncan,	-	-	Cardville, Pa.
Mrs. Betsy Campbell,	-	-	Florence, Pa.
Mrs. Margaret Fulton,	-	-	Burgettstown, Pa.
Miss —— Livingston,	-	-	Florence, Pa.

Dinner being announced, Hon. Jno. S. Duncan was made Chairman and called the meeting to order, saying that he presumed all present knew the object of the meeting to be a reunion of the descendants of the McFarrens; that as dinner was now ready he would not detain them with a speech, but give notice that after dinner was over, they would have the Family History read and such other exercises as might be thought proper. Thanks were then returned by Rev. David Ayers Newell, to the Father of all mercies, for social blessings, and especially for this reunion of relatives and friends who had come together from distant homes to unite in commemoration of ancestors whose work was finished and who have passed to their reward.

A bounteous dinner was then served under the old

family apple trees in regular pic-nic style, while old and young enjoyed themselves eating, talking, laughing and repeating family stories and recalling the memory of many a loved one who once enjoyed the same walks and sat beneath the same shades now occupied by their descendants.

Dinner over, the choir sang "Home Returning." Then the family history was read by Wm. McFarren Farrar, of Cambridge Ohio, which was so acceptable to the descendants present that a committee, consisting of Col. Wm. M. Duncan, Prof. S. C. Farrar and Edwin Clendenning, was appointed to supervise its publication.

A number of family relics were then produced and curiously examined, while their history was being repeated.

An old pocket Bible once owned by Jane McFarren and carried by her across the mountains in 1807, now in possession of her granddaughter, Letitia Witherow, of Washington, Ohio.

Also, an old hymn book once owned by Peggy Simanton, and brought by her from Northampton in 1810. Robert Farrar could remember of having learned from the same old book a verse of the hymn commencing—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign," etc., etc.

which was taught to him by his grandmother during one Sabbath day that she kept him at home, while his own mother went to church, when he was not more than three years old, and the grandmother an invalid confined to her chair. Thereupon, it was proposed

that all join in singing the same old hymn to the tune of "Pisgah," which was done, and the old orchard was made vocal with an air no doubt often sung by ancestors whose voices have long been silent in death, and who probably joined in singing the same hymn to the tune of Pisgah, at Mt. Bethel, more than a hundred years ago. The exercises at the grove were then concluded by singing the long metre Doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

to "Old Hundred," when the company returned to their conveyances and repaired to the burying ground at Florence, where it was intended to decorate the graves of the dead, but this part of the programme was interfered with by the rain, which prevented, and the company returned to Burgettstown, where, after many embraces and tearful farewells, they parted, happy that they had been permitted to meet together and have once more upon earth such a happy reunion.

REGRETS.

The following regrets were received from members of the family who were unable to attend:

CHARITON, Iowa, May 25th, 1880.

W.M. M. FARRAR, Cambridge, O.

Dear Sir:—I very much regret my inability to be present at the reunion of the McFarren cousins, at Florence, Pa., May 29th. This is no ordinary disappointment to me, but my wife's health is so poor that I cannot leave her. Please convey to those present my kindest regards and sincere regrets at not being able to be with them. The more I write or think about the matter, the stronger is my regret, and so I close with love to all. Yours,

WARREN S. DUNGAN.

NEW YORK, May 19th, 1880.

Dear Sirs:—Your notice of a reunion of the descendants of Wm. McFarren, at Florence, Pa., on May 29th, duly received. It would afford Mrs. Fulton and myself great pleasure to participate with you, and be especially gratifying to the writer to visit his native town. But distance and time prevent, and hoping that you may have a pleasant and happy reunion, we are, very truly yours,

MR. & MRS. E. M. FULTON.

COL. WM. M. DUNGAN, }
PROF. S. C. FARRAR. } ^{com.}

BROOKFIELD, Mo., May 29th, 1880.

W. M. FARRAR,

Dear Cousin:—Allow me, through you, to extend kindly greetings to the friends assembled at the McFarren reunion to-day, and many regrets that circumstances prevent my being with you. The place where you meet, the McFarren Homestead, is a familiar resort of my childhood and recalls many pleasant memories of my youthful days. Florence I ever remember as my birthplace, and in the old brick church, of long, long ago, I sat under the instruction of James McFarren, Esqr., as superintendent of our Sabbath school. He has long since passed to his reward, but his faithful teachings abide with me still. May the happy meetings and greetings of this reunion live in the memories of those who participate in the enjoyments of the occasion, and also with the absent ones whose hearts are with you to-day, cheering us as we journey through life, and affording a sweet foretaste of that more perfect reunion, where we may all meet around the throne of God to part no more forever, is the prayer of a McFarren descendant.

M. A. FINLEY.

HANNIBAL, Mo., May 19th, 1880.

To COL. W. M. DUNCAN, }
and PROF. S. C. FARRAR. }

Dear Friends:—Your card of invitation to be present at a reunion of the descendants of Wm. McFarren, dec'd, came duly to hand. We had both hoped to be able to be present with you, but we have been sick all the past winter and are unable to undertake such a

journey. It would give us great pleasure dear friends to be with you, but God rules otherwise and we must submit. With our best wishes for the peace, prosperity and happiness of all the friends, and hoping we may meet you all at that great reunion beyond the river, we are, very respectfully yours, WILLIAM JOHNSON,
MARGARET JOHNSON.

WILMINGTON, ILL., May, 1880.

W. M. FARRAR,

Dear Cousin:—Please express to the friends present at the McFarren reunion on the 29th inst, my sincere regrets at not being able to meet with them. No one could enjoy such an occasion more than myself, but sickness in my own family prevents. Affectionately,

HARRIET L. YOUNG.

WASHINGTON, OHIO, May, 1880.

Dear Friends:—I do most deeply regret my inability, from severe bodily affliction, to meet with you at the old home of our honored ancestors. This renewing of old friendships, and forming of new, between those of kindred blood, will be a rare pleasure indeed. As a relic of some interest, I send you by Mr. Farrar, the pocket Bible carried across the mountains by my grandmother, Jane McFarren, when she came to her Western home, in 1807. That this reunion may prove a rich feast of friendly intercourse, and a source of lasting pleasure to all who attend, is the sincere wish of one of the cousins. LATITIA WITHEROW.

St. Louis, Mo., May 24th, 1880.

WM. M. FARRAR,

Dear Sir:—Your letter notifying me of the intended reunion of the clan McFarren, at Florence, on the 29th inst, is at hand, and if the rude fates could be broken, I would most gladly be present on that occasion, to greet again the living, and strew flowers upon the graves of the dead. But just now, and for three weeks, my office work crowds me, and I cannot now revisit the dear old hills of my native county. Remember me kindly to all, especially your mother; how much I would like to see her again! Wishing health, long life and happiness to you and yours, and all of kith and kin, I am truly yours, JOHN JOHNSON.

PHILADELPHIA, May 28th, 1880.

CAPT. FARRAR,

Dear Cousin:—I had hoped to be able this day to start for the purpose of meeting my dear friends at the reunion, but owing to my ill health I regret exceedingly that I am compelled to deny myself that pleasure. It is, however, pleasant for me to think of so many of you being permitted to meet at the dear old home and exchange greetings once more. And, although, for a short time, I hope that each one may return to their own homes highly gratified and profited, and that we may all live in anticipation of that grander and more permanent reunion. Yours, affectionately,

SARAH McCACKEN.

A TABLE REVIEWING FIVE GENERATIONS OF THE MCFARRENS.

JOHN MCFARREN. Born in Ireland—emigrated to America in 1732.

WILLIAM.

JOHN.*	Nancy <i>Ayers</i> ,	Elizabeth Ramsey, Mary Newell, Wm. McFarren Ayers, Jane Ayers, Harriet L. Young, Abigail Evans.
	James,*	
JANE.*	Jane <i>Robinson</i> ,	Wm. McF. Robinson, John Robinson, Isabella Witherow.
	John	
WILLIAM.	Isabella <i>Dungan</i>	Sarah <i>McCracken</i> , Jane Dungan, Levi Dungan, Wm. McF. Dungan, Sarah A. Dungan, Warren S. Dungan, Mary Dungan, Isabella Dungan, Margaretta Dungan.
	Polly <i>Duncan</i> ,	
SAMUEL,	Samuel,	John S. Duncan, Wm. McFarren Duncan, Elizabeth M. <i>Livingstone</i> , James M. Duncan, Mary A. <i>Irvine</i> , Alexander S. Duncan, Jane Duncan.
	Peggy.*	
MARGARET <i>Simanton</i> .	Jane, William, Nancy Munn, Samuel, John, James, Andrew C., Robert Neilson.	Descendants now living in N. Y. and the North Western States.
	Jenny <i>Farrar</i> ,	
	John <i>Simanton</i> ,	John Farrar, Robert A. Farrar, Wm. McFarren Farrar, Aaron Farrar, Samuel L. Farrar, Julia A. <i>McElroy</i> , Simanton Farrar.
	Isabella <i>Johnston</i>	

* Left no Heirs.

Names by Marriage are in *Italic* letters.

CORRECTIONS.

The following dates have been obtained since the foregoing was printed; see pages 30 and 31:

Isabella McFarren was married to David Dungan
—, 1811.

Mary Moody was married to David Dungan, 1835.
Isabella Dungan died January 27th, 1831.





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